THE

ENCHANTER;

OR,

LOVE and MAGIC.

[Price Six-Pence.]

G.R. III.

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THE ENCHANTER;

OR,

LOVE and MAGIC.

A MUSICAL DRAMA.

As it is performed at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

The Music composed

By Mr. SMITH.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the Recitative commonly appears the moſt tedious part of a Muſical Entertainment, the Writer of the following little Piece has avoided it as much as poſſible; and has endeavour'd to carry on what Fable there is, chiefly by the Songs. —— The Reader is deſired to take notice, that the paſſages diſtinguiſhed by inverted commas, are omitted in the Repreſentation.

PERSONS.

MOROC the Enchanter, by Mr. CHAMPNES.

KALIEL, Attendant Spirit, by Maſter LIONI.

ZOREB, contracted to ZAIDA, by Mr. LOWE.

ZAIDA, by Mrs. VINCENT.

LYSSA, by Miſs YOUNG.

Chorus, Attendants, Dancers, &c.

THE ENCHANTER; OR, LOVE and MAGIC.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Enchanter's Caſtle.

MOROC.

RECIT.

O Love, Deſtroyer Love, this Ravage ceaſe,
Or give me Conqueſt, or reſtore my Peace.

AIR.

I burn! I burn! —
Where e'er I turn
Each Object feeds my Flame;
The Hinds that whiſtle Care away,
The Birds that ſing, the Beaſts that play,
Shew what a Wretch I am!

" A Wretch of Reaſon and of Power,
" Who in this trying Hour
" Cannot conquer or retreat ;
" Paſſion all my Pow'r diſarms,
" *Moroc* yields to Woman's Charms,
" And trembles at her Feet."

SCENE II.

MOROC, KALIEL.

MOROC.

RECIT.

O *Kaliel! Kaliel!* Speak thou faithful Slave,
What Hope? — Will *Zaida* yield? — Alas, I rave!

KALIEL.

RECIT.

Torn from her Lover's Arms, — The mournful Fair,
Rejects your Vows, and cheriſhes Deſpair ;
Like a tranſplanted Flower, the blooming Spoil,
Droops in a foreign, tho' a richer Soil.

AIR.

In vain I try'd
Each ſoothing Art,
To ſwell her Pride
Or melt her Heart.

In

In vain your Love,
  Your Pow'r diſplay'd,
Nor Pow'r could move,
  Nor Love perſuade.

With lifted Eyes,
She *Zoreb* calls,
  Then ſtrikes her Breaſt!
The Sighs that riſe,
The Tear that falls,
  Declare the reſt.

MOROC.

Obdurate Fair-one! What uncommon Mould
Impreſs'd thy Mind—That Pleaſure, Power, nor Gold
Can ſoften or allure it; — Take this Wand; —
[*Gives a Wand to* Kaliel.
Again perſuade, — implore, — at thy Command
Joys ſhall attend — While I with other Arms
My Rival ſeek, and Hell ſhall aid my Charms.

AIR.

My Slaves below
  Prepare, prepare!
Enchant the Foe,
  Deceive the Fair:
Magic now with Magic vies,
Moroc's Art, with *Zaida*'s Eyes. [*Sinks.*

SCENE III.

KALIEL.

AIR.

Fly airy Sprites,
Around her Fly:
Sooth her with Delights,
Charm her Ear, and Eye.

Fly ſwifter than the Wind,
Let your Spells her Fancy bind,
Thro' her Senſes reach her Mind.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Garden belonging to the Enchanter.

ZAIDA.

AIR.

Intruder Sleep! In vain you try
To huſh my Breaſt, and cloſe my Eye;
The Morning Dews refreſh the Flow'r,
That unmoleſted blows;
But ineffectual falls the Show'r
Upon the canker'd Roſe.

SCENE

SCENE V.

ZAIDA, KALIEL.

KALIEL.

RECIT.

O Let not Grief your Bloom deſtroy,
Youth's faireſt Bloſſoms ſpring from Joy,
And Beauty's Cheek with Tints ſupply,
Which nipt by Sorrow fade and die.

AIR.

Sigh not your Hours away,
Youth ſhould be ever gay;
Ever ſhould dance around
Pleaſure's enchanted Ground:
Reaſon invites you,
Paſſion excites you,
Raptures abound!

Spring ſhall her Sweets diſplay,
Nature ſhall vie with Art;
No Clouds ſhall ſhade the Day,
No Grief the Heart.

Love ſhall his Treaſures bring,
Beauty ſhall ſport and ſing,
Free as the Zephyr's Wing,

Soft

Soft as his Kiſs,
" Changing
" and
" Ranging
" From Bliſs to Bliſs."
Free as the Zephyr's Wing, &c.

Come then ſweet Liberty!
Let us be ever free,
What's *Life* without *Love*, what Love without *Thee?*

ZAIDA.

RECIT. Accomp.

To *Zaida*'s Ears thy Strains might ſweetly flow,
Had *Zoreb*'s Air or Face her Boſom fir'd;
No tranſient Paſſion caught her Heart, — Oh, no!
Can Paſſion die, that Virtue has inſpir'd?

AIR.

Whate'er you ſay, whate'er you do,
My Heart ſhall ſtill be fix'd and true;
The vicious Boſom Love deforms,
And rages there in Guſts and Storms;
But Love with us a conſtant Gale
Juſt ſwells the Sea, and fills the Sail;
Neither of Winds or Waves the Sport,
We rule the Helm, and gain the Port.

KALIEL.

KALIEL.

RECIT.

Ye Votaries of Mirth and Love,
In all your various Mazes move,
Be frolick, changeable, and free,
Charm her with ſweet Variety:
The happieſt Union known on Earth,
Is Mirth with Love, and Love with Mirth.

[Kaliel *waves his Wand.*

SCENE VI.

LYSSA *enters with her Followers, as the Votaries of Mirth and Love.*

LYSSA.

AIR.

When youthful Charms
Fly Pleaſure's Arms,
Kind Nature's Gifts are vain;
We ſhould not ſave,
What Nature gave,
But kindly give again.

Tho' Scorn and Pride
Our Wiſhes hide,
And tho' the Tongue ſays, nay;
The honeſt Heart,
Takes Pleaſure's Part,
Denying all we ſay.

The

The Birds in Spring,
Will ſport and ſing,
And revel thro' the Grove;
And ſhall not we,
As blith and free,
With them rejoice and love?

Let Love and Joy,
Our Spring employ,
Kind Nature's Law fulfil;
Then ſport and play
Now whilſt we may,
We cannot when we will.

[*A Dance by the Followers of* Lyſſa.

LYSSA.

RECIT.

'Tis thus we revel, dance and play,
Life with us is Holyday:
Conſtancy would pall our Joys,
Varied Paſſion never cloys.

DUETT.

LYSSA.

Would you taſte the Sweets of Love,
Ever change, and ever rove,
Fly at Pleaſure, and away.

ZAIDA.

Love's the Cup of Bliſs and Woe,
Nectar if you taſte and go,
Poiſon if you ſtay.

ZAIDA.

Would you taſte the Sweets of Love,
Never change and never rove,
Fly from Pleaſures that betray.
Love's the Cup of Bliſs, and Woe,
Poiſon if you taſte and go,
Nectar if you ſtay.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

End of the Firſt ACT.

C ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Garden.

ZAIDA, LYSSA, *and other female Spirits following.*

ZAIDA.

RECIT.

Shame of thy Sex—begone—nor haunt me more.

LYSSA.

RECIT.

Will *Zaida*'s Boſom from a Woman hide,
What to conceal from Man, is Art and Pride?
Behold! Power's ſovereign Charm to ſoften Hate,
What melts us moſt!—Variety and State!

[*Waves her Wand, and the whole Scene and Decorations change.*

AIR.

Turn and ſee what Pleaſures woo you,
Let not Love in vain purſue you,
Seize his Bleſſings while you may,
Love has Wings and will not ſtay.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Seize his Bleſſings whilſt you may,
Love has Wings, and will not ſtay.

ZAIDA.

RECIT. Accomp.

Deluders hence!—Your Spells are weak,
My *Zoreb*'s ſtronger Spells to break;
For him alone I draw my Breath,
With him I could rejoice in Death.

[*It thunders, grows dark, and the Garden ſhakes, All the Women run off, but* Zaida *and* Lyſſa.

LYSSA.

RECIT.

'Tis Paſt—the ſofter Paſſions take their Flight,
Moroc, comes arm'd in Terrors and in Night!
Deſtruction in his Eye, and in his Hand,
The Scepter of His Wrath—His *Ebon* Wand.

SCENE II.

MOROC, ZAIDA, LYSSA.

MOROC.

RECIT. Accomp.

No more I come with Sighs and Pray'rs,
A proud ungrateful Fair to ſue:
Revenge a Feſtival prepares,
A Feſtival for Love and you!

TRIO.

LYSSA,

O hear her Sighs, believe her Tears,
The Heart may change that pants with Fears.

[*To* Moroc.

ZAIDA.

Hear not my Sighs, nor truſt my Tears,
My Heart may pant, but not with Fears:
His Treaſure loſt, the Miſer mourns.

LYSSA.

More Treaſure found, his Joy returns.

MOROC.

Hence Jealouſy and love-ſick Cares!
Vengeance now my Boſom tears!

LYSSA.

" The Joys of Power will here attend thee!

ZAIDA.

" The Joys of Love with *Zoreb* ſend me!

LYSSA.

" With him your Heart new Woes would prove.

ZAIDA.

" I fear no Woes with him I love.

MOROC.

MOROC.

" Away with Love and fond Deſires——
" Vengeance rage with all thy Fires."

RECIT.

Lyſſa, depart!—this is no Hour for Joy,
I come not now to pity; but deſtroy—

[*Exit* Lyſſa, *&c.*

To *Zaida*'s Arms her Lover I reſign;
He's dead, and dying thought you mine,
For him alone you draw your Breath,
With him you ſhall rejoice in Death!

[*Dead March.*

SCENE III.

A Tomb riſes from the Ground, in which ZOREB *lies,* KALIEL *ſtanding by him with his Wand on his Breaſt.*

ZAIDA.

RECIT. Accomp.

My *Zoreb*—dead!—then Sorrow is no more:
Now let the Lightning flaſh, the Thunder roar!

AIR.

AIR.

Back to your Source weak, fooliſh, Tears,
Away, fond Love, and Woman's Fears;
A nobler Paſſion warms:
The Dove ſhall ſoar with Eagle's Wing,
From Earth I ſpring,
And fly to Heav'n, and *Zoreb*'s Arms.

[*Offers to ſtab herſelf*; Moroc *runs to prevent her, and in his Fright drops his Ebon Wand, which* Kaliel *takes up.*

MOROC.

Hold, deſp'rate Fair— [*Takes away the Dagger.*
No more will I employ
Love's ſofter Arts, but ſeize, and force my Joy.
[*Takes hold of her.*

ZAIDA.

Help, heav'nly Pow'rs!

MOROC.

What Pow'r can *Moroc* fear?

KALIEL.

The Pow'r of Virtue—which I now revere!
With thy own Arms thy guilty Reign I end,
No longer *Moroc*'s Slave, but *Zaida*'s Friend.
Thus do I blaſt thee—As the Thunder's Stroke
Blaſts the proud Cedar—All thy Charms are broke.

[Kaliel *ſtrikes* Moroc *with the Wand, and he ſinks.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

ZAIDA.

How ſhall I thank the Guardian of my Fame?

[*kneels to* Kaliel.

KALIEL.

Riſe, *Zaida!*—Peace!—more thanks ſhall *Kaliel* claim.
Behold thy *Zoreb* dead to mortal View,
The Spells diſſolv'd, ſhall wake to Life, and you.

RECIT. Accomp.

This magic Wand, in *Moroc*'s Hand
Did wound, oppreſs:
In *Kaliel*'s Hand this magic Wand
Shall heal, and bleſs.

AIR.

O faithful Youth,
To ſhake thy Truth,
No more ſhall Fiends combine:
Now gently move,
To meet that Love,
That Truth which equals thine.

[*While the Symphony is playing*, Zoreb *riſes gradually from the Tomb.*

ZOREB.

ZOREB.

AIR.

" What Angel's Voice, what ſweet enchanting Breath
" Calls hapleſs *Zoreb* from the Bed of Death?
" In Terror's Gloom,
" Night's awful Womb,
" My Soul impriſon'd lay,
" But now I wake to Day,
" Too weak my Power's to bear this Flood of Light,
" For all Elyzium opens to my Sight."

[*looks rapturouſly on* Zaida.

ZAIDA.

O *Zoreb!*— O my Lord! — My boſom Gueſt!
Tranſport is mute! My Eyes muſt ſpeak the reſt.

ZOREB.

And do I wake to Bliſs, as well as Life!
'Tis more than Bliſs! — 'tis *Zaida* — 'tis my Wife.

KALIEL.

In Fate's myſterious Web this Knot was wove:
Thus Heaven rewards your Conſtancy and Love.

[*joins their Hands.*

DUETT.

ZOREB, ZAIDA.

No Power could divide us, no Terror diſmay,
No Treaſures could bribe us, no Falſhood betray:
No Demons could tempt us, no Pleaſure could move,
No Magic could bind us, but the Magic of Love.

ZOREB.

ZOREB.

The Spell round my Heart was the Image of You;
Then how could I fail to be conſtant and true?

ZAIDA.

The Spell round my Heart was the Image of You;
Then how could I fail to be conſtant and true?

KALIEL.

RECIT.

Hence ye wicked Sprites away!
Paſſion yields to Reaſon's Sway:
Pureſt Beings of the Air
Hover round and guard this Pair:
Love and Innocence appear!
Love and Virtue triumph here.
[*Waves his Wand.*

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, *&c.*

KALIEL.

AIR.

Ye Sons of Simplicity,
Love and Felicity,
Ye Shepherds who pipe on the Plain;
Leave your Lambs and your Sheep,
Our Revels to keep,
Which *Zoreb* and *Zaida* ordain.

Your Smiles of Tranquility,
Hearts of Humility,
Each Fiend of the Boſom deſtroy;
For Virtue and Mirth
To Bleſſings give Birth,
Which *Zoreb* and *Zaida* enjoy.

CHORUS.

How happy the Hour,
When Paſſion and Pow'r
No longer united, no longer oppreſs;
When Beauty and Youth
With Love, and with Truth!
For ever united, for ever ſhall bleſs.

A Dance of Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, &c. &c.

FINIS.